

THE
MOST PLEASANT
AND DELIGHTFUL HISTORIE

*of Curan, a Prince of Danske, and the fayre
Princessse Argentile, Daughter and Heyre
to Adelbriht, sometime King of
Northumberland.*

S H E W I N G

*His first Loue vnto her, his successfull suite, and
the low dejections he vnderwent for her sake. His se-
cond loue to the same Lady vnkowne, taking her for
a poore Countres damsell. She by reason of the vnkind-
nesse of King Edell her vnckle and Gardian) hauing
forlooke the Court, and vndertooke the pro-
fession of a Neatbearded Mayde.*

*His constant loue (after her long continued vnkindnes)
rewarded with her wished consent, their happie Nup-
tials, and mutuall reioycings, his valour and
victorious waire with King Edell: And
lastly, his peacefull installment in the
Kingly Throne.*

E N T E R L A C T E

*With many pritty and pishie prayses of beauty, and other a-
morcus discourses, pleasing, smooth and delightfull.*

By WILLIAM WEBSTER.

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are to be solde at his thop at the signe of the Cardinals
Harte. neere S. Sepulchres Church. 1617.

Amj. Calhoun

Nil tam difficile est quod
non solet a vinit



TO THE WOR-

SHIPPVLM. THOMAS EVE-

rard of Heather, in the Countie of Leycester, E/q.

all increase of such Blessings as make this

life happie and comfortable, and of such

Graces, as may make the next

Blessed and Glorious.



Y R, purposing to impose some taske on my wandring thoughts so to reuerse their somewhat vncomfortable strayings, my rasher election suddenly singled out this subiect, which though suting too neerely with my braine in barrennes, the product is

this Pamphlet, which perused by some friends of iudgement, was pronounced worthy the Presse. Wherevnto I the rather referr'd it, that dedicating the same vnto you, I might (at least) manifest my remembrance of that loue, kindnesse, and courtesie, which (while my residence was in loued *Leycester-shire*,) made mee so much affect that Familiaritie, which you then pleased to afford me, in regard wherof my loue leades me to present this to your patronage, and your affection to Poesie, makes mee presume of your acceptance: the grace you giue a Verse in reading it, makes it pleasing, if it be

*My heart hath w. the heauen this one perfection
the heauen one Sum, my heart hath one affection*

The Epistle Dedicatorie:

But passable, therefore I doubt not your liking. And if this (which is not vnlike) gaine your approbation, I shall not passe for the Censures of such as are more apt to finde fault, then able to finde a faulte. Had I but the name of a Poet, and opinion on my side, I should relye therevpon as *Cesar* on his Fortune, yet doth not my obscuritie discourage mee, but rather the contrarie, for Fame is rather to be ventred for, then ventred.

An instigation to the writing hereof, was the commendation which I heard a Iudicious diuine giue of a yong Student in diuinity, for his dexteritie in English Poesie, who affirming it to be an ornament to any profession, I was thereby induced to reduce that affection I bore it, to practise. And in publishing the same I haue imitated *Apelles*, who hauing drawne a picture pleasing to himselfe, hang'd it in open viewe, that he might heare the verdict of others. Nor is it vnlike but I also shall haue a shoo-maker Censuring the Legge, when his skill extends but to the latcher. So (referring it to your fauourable suruey, and kinde acceptance) I humbly desire Almighty God to Crowne you, and your adopted-selfe, with his best blessings in this life, and with Immortall glory in the next.

Your worships Kinsman,

so be commanded, in a more

acceptable seruice.

WILLIAM WEBSTER.

The Author to his Patron.

*T To wish your happinesse, if that could give
H Happinesse unto you, I'de make you blest
O On Earth, so long as you on Earth shall live,
M May you bee euen of Earths best things possesse,
A And may you ioyes enjoy when this life's ended,
S Such as can but by Sautes be apprehended.*

*E Euer may you, and your Posteritee,
V Vntill dissol'de shall be this mortall frame :
E Euen till this world shall cease a world to bee,
R Retaine the lustre of this ancient Name.
A And be chiefe Pillors to support the same,
R Repaire and grace that House, from whence to mee
D Derived is (in part) my Pedegree.*

To M. Iohn Euerard Senior, Gentleman.

YOU sole suruiuer, yet the eldest brother
Of sower, and of a Sister, my late Mother ;
Who, (next before you) tendred *Natures* debt,
Which yet you owe, and long may owe it yet.
What ist? your Courage keepes you still aliuie,
To be the first, and yet the last of five.
Sure tis your valour ; *Deaths* approach thus stayes,
Which was admir'd in your more youthfull dayes.
If in a mortals lookes may boldnesse lye
Which may the pale Horse-ryder terrifie,
Then (it may be) he shunnes because he feares you,
And vntill Age subdue you, thus forbears you.
Your oft-tryde valour, valour oft did trye,
Which now intomb'd in your Age doth lye.
And if your grauitie thinke not vnfir,
Let these lines be the Epitah for it,
As for your Vertues, they yet liue, and they
Shall be remembred in your Epitah.



TO THE READER.

READER, Let not thy gentle eye disdain.
To walke along my lines so smooth, so plaine;
Delightfull walkes they happily may prone,
So they may catch thy liking, I thy lone;
This volume, (though not large) at large discovers
The fortunes of a payre of princely Lovers,
Prince Curan and the Princeesse Argenteile,
He stranger, she a native of our Isle.
He one for lineaments, and gifts of mind:
Such as the like to him was hard to find:
And sure, if to be amorous he no blot
To vertue, then his vertues had no spot,
And shee a dame whose beauty so excell'd,
That in those dayes shee was not paralleld,
And, if she were not coy more then shee should,
No imputation could on her take hold,
How lone, from Lordlinesse doth him debace,
And makes him to supply a peasants place:
And how his lone to shunne, th' assaults of lone,
From Court to Cottage doth her selfe remone.
These things are here discours'd, and here is shorne
How he the second time loves her unknowne,
How long he wooes her, how at last he sped,
Though not till then, when all his hopes were dead,
Then how he conquered him in bloudie fight

That

To the Reader.

That wrongfully vsurpt his Ladyes right,
(Then which) his former taske was farre more hard,
This last was easie with the first compar'd,
T'was more to him his Ladyes love to gaine
Then to gine end unto a tyrants raizne:
To conquer her affections was a thing
Afore hard to him then to uncrowne a King,
Nay, all the weapons in these wars imployde,
Against the Prince, not him so much annoy'd,
As did his Ladies angry frownes, for those
Could daunt him more then all his armed foes:
How he was rayst unto a Kingly throne,
That low dejections long had undergone,
Concludes this booke, which read unto the end,
Perhaps to thee, it may it selfe commend:
Thus (of thy wishes) wishing thee possesse,
(For kind acceptance onely.) Thine I rest.

W. W.

TO



TO THE FAIRE READER,
OF THE FAYRER SEX.

YOU lovely *DAME*, whose beautie is as much
As was this lovely Dames; faire *Argenteile*;
For in the world, where should wee looke for such,
If not where shee was bred, in this faire Ile.
For breeding such, our Clime; then other Climes
More fertile is, our times, then former times.

You are the very same, yea, you are shee,
Whose Beautie in this Booke is so commended:
And though your Name not *Argenteile* it be,
Yet know your selfe is shee that's here intended.
These lines were writ for you, of them make vse,
And *Beauties* praises to your selfe reduce.

You living, lovely *Dame*, 't was for your sake,
That this insuing taske I vndertooke:
Nother, shee's dead, shee'l no requitall make,
But at your hands (at least) for thanks I looke.
To grace what graceth you, I here haue sought,
Then deigne to grace me with a gracious thought.

You are faire (as was shee) but be not sho,
Coy (as was shee) O varry you in this:
I would not for the world you should be so,
For then as good that you the world did misse.
Vnlesse your kindnesse should (as hers) at last,
Make large amends, for your vnkindnesse past.

Had I pray'd Bountie (so) perhaps my paine,
Might haue bene recompenced with reward:
Then let me not praise Beauty (thus) in vaine,
Afford me in requitall some regard.
You I haue sought to please, and I from you,
Due thanks, and due respect, expect: Aduce...

THE
PLEASANT AND

delightfull Storie of Prince Curan, and
the Princesse Argenteile.

THea then our English Ile (which now is one
Vnited is, the mode our happinesse)
Vnder diuided Soueraignety did grone,
I choush shield it from the like distresse;
Seuen Kings then raigned in this land; but now
All hearts, all knees, loue one; to one doe bow.

(Then *Diria*) call'd now *Northumberland*,
Was of the foresaid seuen small Kingdomes one,
Nor was that Scepter sway'd by one mans hand,
Diuisiō had the Clime so ouergone,
Two, each a semi-king raign'd ioyntly there
In friendly peace, for they neere Kinsmen were.

Edell and *Adelbriht* the Kings were cal'd,
For each of them the kingly title beares,
And each is in the kingly throne instal'd,
(Thing seldome seene) well; after diuers yeares,
King *Adelbriht* deceast, and left his Heire
To *Edell's* ward, young *Argenteile* the sayre:

B

Yet

The pleasant Historie

Yet ere he dyes, to *Edell* thus he spake,
Edell, quoth he, my death approacheth nigh,
My Kingly right to thee I doe beake,
During the nonage of my daughter deare,
But after it shall be to her resign'd,
So throt my selfe to mee by oath shalt binde.

His oath for this, his promise tooke beside,
To deale with her, as if his childe shee were.
The good King *Adelbrigh* soone after dyde,
For whom young *Angustile* shed many a teare,
And time increast her gricle, for afterwards
Edell nor oath, nor honesty regards.

The Scepter whole now his, hee'l not deuide,
Vsurping that, that is the Ladies right;
(Though he from that by oath himselfe had tide)
For in sole soueraignty he found delight,
By her he knowes he cannot be constrain'd,
Therefore hee'l not forgoe what he hath gain'd.

Meane while the Lady in despite of woes,
Which still too much afflict her tender heart,
The sayrest vnderneath the skie she growes,
Beauty is hers in full, and not in part;
Besides, shee's modest, sober, gentle, chaste;
Her beautie these, and these her beauty grac't.

But when her beauty grew yet more mature,
All beauties then in her seem'd to combine,
Her beautie other beauties did obscure,
As starres eclipsed are by *Luna's* shine.
In all the land was none so sayre as shee,
In all the world a sayrer could not be.

Her

Her beautes founte, who be beauties founte,
It doth in excellence so much excell,
Her eye so swayer, so ruler, doth so controule,
And bend the hearts of men, as wind the reede,
All like, all prayre, and many loue, but few
(Dispayring of their worth) for loue dare sue.

The richest beauties (to adorne this Dame)
In her fayre measure, fetcht Nature thence,
Which nere vnto diuine perfection came,
They did so much exceed in excellence. (praise
Shee's beauties founte, whose beames been faine and
Go through & through the world like *Phaebus* raies.

That beauty was but such (if it was such)
That carried *Troy* to *Greece*, and *Greece* to *Troy*,
Shee's more then fayre, and therefore more then much
Will be his ioy that once shall her enioy.
But he must sayle, ere he such *Hauen* gaine,
Close by the margent of *Caribdis* maine.

Her eye loues Arbor is where beauties meete,
Her cheek loues garden is where beauties grow:
Loue walketh there, for there the ayre is sweet:
Which alwayes when she breathes doth gently blow.
Her blushing lip, her breath, for shew, for smell,
The Rose exceeds, the Violet doth excell.

As many as behold her, doe admire her,
In beautie, shee all beauties doth out-strip,
All thoughts commend her, and all hearts desire her:
Yea, Nature wonders at her workmanship,
Admiring her owne skill, and cunning great,
In framing such a beautie, so compleat.

The Pleasant History

Nature, another cannot make more fayre,
Though to that purpose all her power were bent,
No, though shee would from fire, earth, water, ayre,
Extract the quintessence to that intent
For in this Dame there no ingredient lackt,
That should make beautie perfect and exact.

Had *Jupiter* the earth frequented then,
When her bright beauty graced the sunne-shine day,
Or had this Beauties Paragon lived when
He in the world did wanton, sport and play.

O what would he have done, what not have done?
What shapes would hee have tookt her lover have
(wonner?

Surely he would have thought her love a feast
More pleasing then th'imbracement of his queens;
And *Inno's* ieaousie had sure increast,
If she this peerlesse princeesse should have seene.
For, that his heart was tractable she knew,
For such attractive beautie to subdue.

In this regard she might have feared much,
Had this Dames beauty beene to *Juno* apparrant:
But the chaste heart of this chaste Dame is such,
That *Juno* might have tooke it for her warrant.
Diana's warrant could not be more strong
Touching her selfe, concerning such a wrong.

When *Mars* in *Venus* armes was entertain'd,
Her breasts disclos'd, her bosome open layde,
Her deare imbracements had not him restrain'd,
Nor would he in that Circle fayre have stayde.
Had such a one as *Argentile* past by,
Her face presented to the War-god's eye.

Ther

Her pecke, her breest, her hand, her legges, her face,
All could afford the beauty of her face, and her face
Who would doe (might hee be perfect) and yet
With willingnesse her would have with her face,
And if her beautye cast in a scale were put
Who would not with himselfe the Counter shot?

Had Hercules fallen into such fayre armes,
So strong they are (stronger in their fairenesse eyes)
That though the sounding trumpet shrill alarm'd
Had call'd him thence to some great enterprise,
They would have held him still, still him detain'd;
Ah, who could struggle, that were so maintain'd.

Fayrer was she then I have sayde she was,
Nor have I halfe her beauties worth disclos'd,
Nor can I doo, it did so much surpass.
But what is vncexpress'd, be suppos'd,
And as her beautye, so her vertues shinde;
Men ioy'd, heaven ioy'd, to see her face, her mind.

But I must leave her beautye so excell'g,
For I would haue, and therefore must delaye;
Yet on this theme is such delightfull dwelling,
That I am loath to leave her beauties prayse;
How she was lov'd, (Love waites on beauty so
As shadow doth on substance) now I'll show.

A sweet young Prince of Danske (by fame call'd forth)
Came he hight; this Prince to England came
To see the Dame, whose matchlesse beauties worth,
Was brought to him vpon the wings of Fame:
He sees the Dame, her beaurie seeth he,
And prayseth in his thoughts what he doth see.

... The pleasant Historie.

And though report had so extol'd her name,
And prais'd her for sweet louelinesse so much,
He findes that Fame but lipt, and was to blame,
For (seeing her) hee sees her beautie such,
As sores aboue her prayse, yea, I may say,
Aboue superlatiue, if beautie may.

And now in him his progresse loue beganne,
From looking, liking, loue from liking grew,
The spacious world could not produce a man,
That loued with a loue so firme, so true,
But for her loue much woe he vnderwent,
Ere shee (vnkind) would to his suite consent.

This sweet young lovely Prince is such another,
As was *Adonis* in his greatest pride:
This Dame is *Venus*, (that was *Cupid's* mother,
'That by *Adonis* was of loue denide:)
One like that *Adon*, here doth *Venus* loue,
One like this *Venus* there did *Adon* proue.

Not *Cleopatra's* sonne and daughter fayre,
Whom their proud sire the Sunne and Moone did stile
Could match (for beauty) with this princely payre;
Prince *Curan* to the Princesse *Argensile*,
Comes neere in comelinesse, he happy were,
If she in kindnesse came, to him as neere.

With *Ganimede* and with *Narcissus* hee
May take his place, that were the fairest of men,
And with the rarest she may ranked be,
That euer yet was pray'd by Poets penne,
How will the world be grac't with beauty sweet,
When in their children both their beauties meet.
Well

of Curan and Argentea

Well, he is now in Loue, vp to the heart,
Yet can hee not obtaine a second view
From Priuies eyes, and men of high descent,
Her iealous Gardian keeps his Neede in miew,
Betweene the world, and Beauties-sunne so bright
He interposeth cloudes, as blacke as night.

Her beauty which doth all mens eyes delight,
Saue onely his, he seekes to keepe vnknowne:
Left Beauties fame should men of Fame invite,
To seeke her Loue, he wisheth she had none,
To stop *Fames mouth*, and dim her Beauties beame,
He therefore strives: but strives against the streame.

Her beautyes praise breakes forth in his despight,
And almost like the ayre it selfe extends
Hee'd stop the current hyding her from sight,
But so her beauty hee the more commends,
The more shee's in her Closet kept retyrd,
The more shee's talkt of, and the more admyrd.

So quite his endes are crost, he would suppress
Her beautyes praise, but see how he mistakes
His course (though hee intended nothing lesse)
Her famous, but himselfe infamous makes,
This fact of his, doth more divulge her Fame,
But to posteritie records his shame.

For 'it directly shoves his thoughts are base,
And such as ill befeeme a boosome Royall:
Argues him consciencelesse and voyde of grace,
And prooves him to be periur'd and disloyall.
His thoughts, desires, ambitious, auaritious,
Vicious his life, his projects are pernicious.

O

The playnes Historie

O was it not enough, that from her sight
That he from her should so withhold her right,
But to her chamber she must be confind,
To see, and to bee scene doe maides delight,
But gentle it is hid behind a skreene,
Shoe is not, must not, where she would be scene,

But the base minded King, to Peasants base
Admits access, to noble men denide,
To view and woe he grants them time and place,
And his best furthorance affords beside:
To marry her to some base Groome he thought,
That so her right might rest vncalm'd, vnought.

Cyrus perceiving this, what did he doe;
He chang'd his rich attire for base raiment,
(O Loue, what shifts thou putt the Prince vnto)
His name he chang'd, his Titles put away,
And so transform'd himselfe into a childe,
Now if he lou'd or not, she would may iudge.

Thus liu'd he there, and thus access he gain'd,
And on her beauty now his eye hee feedes,
But in his thoughts full sore the Prince is pain'd,
Loue in his brest a thousand passions breeds:
And to expresse his loue, dumbe signes he vs'd
He look't, he blush't, he sigh'd, he plain'd, he muf'd.

She, whose chaste thoughts euen equall loue recei't,
Doth see, but will not see, his loue vnfit,
She thinks it is not worthie of respect,
And therefore will no notice take of it,
Making a show of pride, though pride she hate,
Because she knowes pride best, doth pride abate.

Scalfe

of *Carmen and Argentea*.

Scarfe knowes the how to looke disdainfully,
For neuer pride and the acquainted woe;
Beauty hath got possession in her eye,
And will not suffer scornfulnes come there,
Fain would she frowne, and yet she knowes not how,
So calme a smoothnes dwels on her fyre brow.

When most of all shee him would terrifie,
That he should dare to loue, or looke no more,
Then doth she frowne, ah, but so pleasingly,
That more he loueth then he lou'd before,
Between her smiles and frowns small ods there lyes,
For both of them her beauty beautifies.

Her frownes cannot her beauty bright obscure,
For such sweet louelineffe doth them adorne,
That they entice and powerfully allure,
Although they argue coyne, pride and scorne,
The more she frownes, the more he loues her still,
His loue they kindle, though his hopes they kill.

At last, loue boyling in his brest compels him
Himselfe and his affection to bewray,
And craues her loue, but to his griefe she tels him,
That husbandlesse she is resolu'd to stay,
Still seeking his solicitings to shunne,
So do they still, that still would be vnwunne.

When (meeting her) he kindly bids good morrow,
She strangely doth salute him with farewell,
And so his ioy is ouertooke with sorrow,
To meete seemes heauen to him, to part seemes hell:
Parting which pleaseth her, doth him displease,
Meeting which he desires, is her discase.

C

He

The pleasant Historie

He ioyes to see her, grieues to see her coyneffe,
Her voyce is heauenly musicke in his eares,
Yet are her words vnkind, and make him ioylesse,
Thus are poore Louers tost 'twixt hopes and feares,
Twixt care and comfort, paine and pleasure still,
So pallas taste the sweet displeasing pill.

In his assumed shape he still remaines,
Nor doth the gentle Lady him disclose:
He courts her oft, but at her hands he gaines
Nothing but that that doth augment his woes.
At last (for hearty loue is hard to hide)
His loue (but not himselfe) the King discride.

From him to her past many an amorous glance,
Which did his loue vnto the King explaine:
Glad is the King and doth his slaue aduance,
So to incourage more the sawcie swaine,
And him prefers vnto promotions high,
To make the Groome more gracious in her eye.

Nay, the base-minded guilty-thoughted King,
Himselfe an interambulator makes,
That he the match might to conclusion bring,
The miser spends, and paines the gowtic takes,
A peasant for a Princessse he would choose,
That he might find the greatnesse he should loose.

An earnest Intercessor to his Neece,
Still is he, and if he her thoughts may sway,
A prize surpassing far the golden fleece
Which *Iason* gain'd, the base must beare away.
Base thought he him, the Prince no prince he thought,
Yet to confer this Iem on him he sought.

Should

of Curran and Argensile.

Should *Edell* now have known for whom he spake,
In whose behalfe his arguments he said
As sometime greater fees will Lawyers make,
To counterplead the cause they late maintain'd,
So had he turn'd (had he the truth discorde)
Against the Prince, with whom he so doth side.

The Lady pester'd was with his perswasions,
And *Curran*'s loue, for both vpon her war'd:
Yet in her brest they could make no inuasions,
For resolution did her bosome gard,
That pleads, and this perswades, & both intreat her,
Yet all they doe, but makes her grieve the greater.

That *Edell* knowes not *Curran*'s worth she knowes,
And yet in his behalfe doth pleade so much,
From hence her grieve, from hence her sorrow grows,
This great unkindnesse doth her neatly touch,
That he should hold her in from men of worth,
And to so base a match should thrust her forth.

Curran perceyuing now his loue offends,
And that he happy hath no hope to proue,
He letteth fall his suite; his wooing ends,
For (in a sort his loue doth curbe his loue,
Because he loues he will not giue offence,
Therefore (though louing) not his suite commence.

Her beauty breeds his amorous loue, her grieve
Compassionate affection in him breeds,
And though his loue-sicke heart doth lacke reliefe,
Yet he forbears to seek she salve he needes,
For to that floud he addes (if it hee seeke)
Which her fayre eye distils on her fayre cheeke.

The pleasant Historie

His passions from his amorous loue do grow,
But such a blessed loue in him is found,
As makes him to compassionate her woe,
And in his better loue his worse is drown'd,
His passions vrge to prosecute his sute,
Compassion (thoe) preuailes and makes him mute.

That loue that from his amorous thoughts doth rise,
Doth vnto that that pittie breeds glue place,
Glances and teares goe both from ~~his~~ eyes,
Caus'd by her beaunie and her wretched case.
And sith his amorous loue her griefe increaseth,
His tender loue so wrought that that loue ceaseth.

At least, he close conceal'd it in his brest,
What though it seem'd to scald his heart within,
In signes nor syllables he it exprest,
For, to augment her griefe he helde it sinne.
Curan she hates thy loue, ah cruell shee,
And lest it moue her, it must martyr thee,

The King now sees how he his loue restraines,
He sees it, though to see it he is loath:
For this Apostacie put's him to paines
More then before, for now hee wooes them both:
He wooeth her to loue, and him to wooe,
O avarice what puttst thou him vntoo.

Curan that lou'd the Lady with his soule:
To recommence his suite is easily brought,
The ashes are remou'd, and now the cole
Is found aliue that dead before was thought:
They grieue againe the Lady, but in vaine,
They plow the sands where there wil grow no grain.
But

of Curan and Argenteile.

But why was *Argenteile* so much valinde?
She knew the Prince, his worth, his Loue, and these
More powrefull Orators to bend the minde,
But Women will not loue before they please.
She will not, No, she will not loue: and why?
Because she will not; Women so reply.

What a strong hold, strong Resolution is!
Where this chaste Dames chaste loue immured lyes?
Not *Danaes* brazen tower, was like to this,
Ione entred there by sleights and subtilties,
But here a Gard doth euen the key-hole keepe,
Lest flie insinuation in should creepe.

A Womans will is like to *Danaes* tower,
Nay, more imprégnable is womans will:
Was neuer man that yet by strength or power,
Could win this Fort, that force repulseth still.
A womans will can neuer be constrained,
Nor can her loue against her will be gain'd.

The will is strong, but yet the fences weake,
Weake is the Gard, although the Fortresse strong:
Yet its impossible the Gate to breake,
Or skale the wall, if true themselves among.
But lyking-of, which is Loues Vsher slye,
Gaines entrance here: when flattered is the eye.

Therefore wise *Ione*, when he to *Dardan* came,
Engin, nor instrument of war he brought:
He knew if so he should assault the same,
He neuer should obtaine the thing he sought.
No thundring-wide-mouth'd Cānon doth he bring
Nor Ramme for battrie, nor no such like thing.

The pleasant Historie

In stead of these, he brings a Pedlars packe,
Full of fine toys, that did for shew exceed:
And many a gawd, and many a goodly knatke,
Which not necessitie it selfe doth neede.
Her Female-gard, corrupteth hee with these,
Who fauouring him, he enters there with ease.

For he had pleased them so well that day,
That they to lodge him there doe all agree:
While one vnbolts, another turnes the key,
Ope is the wicket, and in leapeth hee.
So *Danaes* tower was wonne; and fancies Fort,
Is neuer wonne, but 'tis in such like sort.

The weakest Virgins will is of more strength,
Then is a gate of Steele, or wall of brasse:
For to compulsion those may yeeld at length,
This will not be compell'd, nor neuer was.
But it is strange, that still Prince *Curan* sayles,
Who by preuailing meanes his Loue assayles.

He fittes her humors vaine, he gines her guifts,
That she may fauor him, he flatters her:
And to the skye, her praises vp he lifts,
Fore *Hellen's* beautie, he doth hers prefer.
He grieueth sore, he sighs exceedingly,
He pules, he pines, he tells her he will dye.

He prayes, and he perswades, and all hee sayes:
And all he doth, that may be said or done:
He tryes to winne her Loue a thousand wayes,
A thousand womens loues some times are wonne,
With fewer words, and with far lesser paines,
Then *Curan* spend's, and takes, ere her's he gaines.

Some

of *Cyrus* and *Argente*.

Some winne as soone as they beginne to wooe,
And straight the Clackes Amen confirms the match,
And then to bed, there is no more to doe,
Yea marry fir, here is a quicke dispatch:
And so they speed, when humor, serues that speake:
But *Cyrus* hath a harder shell to breake,

Nay, of so strange a humour, some there are,
That he that loues and long, for loue desires,
Doth (quite vnlike, as Souldiers doe in warre)
Fayle when he fights, and foyle when he retires.
So (him that followes it) his shadow shunnes,
And followes after him, that from him runnes;

And *Cyrus* practise argu'd that he knew
This secret, for as I haue sayde before,
From beauties barre his action he withdrew,
Yet shee to loue inclined nere the more,
From this strange humour *Argente* is free,
It is not vniuersall then we see.

And some will stiffly stand in their deniall,
So that a man would thinke the clocke went true,
When it (God wor) agrees not with the Dyall,
As would be seene, if thoughts lay ope to view,
But *Argente* doth not coyne coynesse so,
Her thoughts direct her tongue to answere no.

It fits not here to be Satyricall,
More of their humours I would else reueale,
And sith sayre *Argente* is free from all,
Her sexes faults lie for her sake conceale:
As for her coynesse, beare with her therein,
If it was a fault, why yet it was not a sinne.

Her

The pleasant History

Her Gardian now perceyuing that intreater,
Are boordesse spent as stones against the winds;
He now begins to menace her with threates,
And in his countenance she reade his mind,
He now no more doth flatter her, but now
Seekes by compulsiue meanes her will to bow.

They that have tasted of the like distresse,
May iudge of hers, her grieve cannot be spoke:
Yet it she wisely strineth to suppress,
Lest else her close intendments should be broke.
But yet shee in this Aprill of her yeares,
Sheds in her closet Aprill showers of teares.

Griefes property is beauty to impayre,
(For beautie's but a casuall good they say)
But on her face so fixed is the fayre,
That it will not to grieve it selfe giue way.
Through sorrowes vayle her beauty shineth so,
That beauty seemeth grac't by beauties foe.

Observers might haue reason to surmise,
(Seeing her lookes so louely, yet so sad)
That some such humour did Loues queene surprise,
When shee (for supreme fayre) the verdet had:
For tis the such that doth true beautie trie.
When in sad lookes sweet louelineffe doth lie.

Her grieve so well becomes her, that the teares
Distil'd vpon her cheekes, fayre, white and red
Appeare, as that same morning dew appeares,
Which sable night on freshest flowers hath shed,
Which falling from her cheek, a man may say,
Her eyes do seeme, with pearles to strew her way.
And

of Cressida and Iphigeneia.

And the prizing now what small good will
Her gript minded Cressida to her beareth,
Fearing constraint, or else some woeful ill,
She practis'd how she might prevent her feares:
From Cressida loue, from King, from Court she steals,
While she her selfe in strange disguise conceales.

When Cressida heard she was departed so,
His loue (before the chiefe of his affections)
Is matcht, nay outmatched now with woe:
Reason in vaine prescribes his griefe directions:
For boundlesse and confus'd his sorrowes be,
And after her from Court departeth he.

The Lady late, and Cressida now are gone,
Blinde loue and fortune blinde leade them astray:
They pace vnus'd pathes to them vnknowne;
(But ranging rouers cannot loose their way,)
Nor know they whereunto theyr iournyes tend,
Nor when, nor where their Pilgrimage shall end.

Vaine findes he his pursuite, and feares as vaine
His sute would proue if he should finde his loue,
From further quest, he therefore doth refraine,
And cast's what course is best for his behoue.
To Court hee'l not returne, there is he knowes,
Dawes, not his Doue, brambles, but not his rose.

Long doth the Prince debate, long doth he muse,
Long are his busie thoughts in him at strife,
Before he doth resolue what course to chuse:
At last he doth prefer the Shepheards life:
A flocke, a dogge, a sheepehookke he prouides,
Tar-box, and all his implements besides.

The Pleasant Historie

He, who while in his fathers Court he stay'd,
Was then a Marshall (although but young)
Hath chang'd his lance, (for love will be obey'd)
For tooles that to the Shepherds trade belong:
From warlike *Mars* to rusticke *Pasheas* turn'd,
But will returne to him that first he serv'd.

'Tis strange, he in contempt should find content;
Yet that holow'd in this despis'd estate,
Disgrace the Prince with pleasure underwent,
For ceased is the discord and debate
That was between his thoughts ere they declin'd,
And those hope-crossing haps to him afflig'd.

A brace of yeeres (well pleas'd) he thus remains,
His thoughts are settled, and his mind is free,
Suiting himselfe vnto the country Swaines;
Courtship for clownishnesse exchangeth he;
He that late strooke the Citernes silver strings,
Now pipes on oaten straws, and ligs he sings.

Time, griefe, and labour by this time did change
The Princes thoughts, his Love is quite forgot:
His reason will not let his love there range,
Where can no comfort fall vnto his lot:
Her absence, like good Physicke to the sickly,
Makes him more sicke at first, yet cures him quickly.

Most loath was he the sight of her to loose,
For, as fond Patients cherish their diseases,
And will no Physicke, if themselves may choose,
Because perhaps the Pallat it displeases.
Her absence so, fit physicke for his fit,
Is forc't on him, ere hee'l give way to it.

Here.

Her fight and passion he did see,
And was unwilling to leave the place;
Yet that she fell was maintain'd the fire,
Causing his heart to burn in Cupid's flame;
But (that remov'd whereon his home depended)
He finds, his scorching dayes now are ended.

Now see the course of things, fayre Argemile,
Who when she left, the Court left not her cares,
Disguis'd wanders like a poore exile,
And with the most distressed, distresse she shares;
Now here, now there, she sojourneth a space,
But yet she findes no certaine hiding place.

But now at last behold the Princessse sweet,
Is by a Country Neatheard entertain'd
To feede his droues, a worke for her vnmect;
Yet glad is she, that she the place hath gain'd.
For here she hopes to find content of mind,
Which in King Edels Court she could not find.

And where feedes shee her heards, even on that plaine
Where *Cirrus* (shepherd now) his flocks attends,
See, against Destenie face strives in vaine:
Fates haue decreed, she cannot crosse their ends.
To that same place whereas the Prince abides,
Some power about her owne the Princessse guides.

This trickie Gyrl the shepherd soone espide,
Like a plaine homely Countrey wench attird,
Much did her base disguise her beauty hide,
And yet he saw so much that he admir'd.
The more he her admir'd, the more he gas'd,
The more he look'd, the more he was amaz'd.

The pleasant History

For (viewing her) he thinks her faire as his such
As *Argentile*, but this her strange disguise
From that she was hath altered her so much,
Shee's hid behind such dark obscurities,
That though his Lady *Argentile* he see,
The silly shepherd neuer thinks her she.

Though so (perhaps) his eye would him perswade,
He will not think that this is *Argentile*,
That she should now professe so mean a trade,
So to conceine of her, he holds it vile.
He will not therefore entertaine a thought,
That this the Lady is that late he sought.

No more dare she give credit to her eyes,
For seeing him a Shepherd so compleat,
That this should be the man, shee'l not surmise,
Whom *Phaebus* so aduanc't to honours feat.
Both are deceiu'd, both take their symes amisse,
Whereof their meaneesse, the maine reason is.

He lou'd, and left, but now he loues a new,
His loue to *Argentile* he hath forgot,
And yet to *Argentile* he still is true,
For *Argentile* he loues, but knowes it not.
His loue hath found her out, and sayth tis she,
But yet opinion sayth, it cannot be.

As *Phaebus* beame when Winter new is fled,
Reuiues the withered hearbe, and sapples plant,
Her beautie so reuiues his loue (as dead)
And giues it life which it did seeme to want.
Now to his loue, so withered and decay'd
Is Ioyce, sap, life, by beauties beame conuay'd.

Hec

of Caron and Jannet.

He that was late a Lark is now a Swallow,
Nor that, nor this effect, hee can be true a while.
For then he lov'd, and now he loveth none.
A Lady then, a Gentleman now, loves him.
He lov'd her rich, he loveth her poore againe,
Wealth was no love, nor want is now maintaine.

He notes the Wench, and sees her beauties rayes,
Which through sad clouds of discontent shine bright:
Such the new morning in the East displayes,
Which (through fogg yet left darknes) shew their light.
Beautie he knowes he sees, but doth not know
That *Ayemur* doth that sweet beauty owe.

Attractive, pleasing, powerfull beautie here,
In him produce their true effects, for why,
He lookes, he likes, he loves, so captiv'd were
His eye, his thoughts, his heart: and now hee'l trye
If she, whose outside makes so fayre a show,
Beares kindnesse in her bosome, yea or no.

He frolicke is, his thoughts prognosticate,
That he the Lasses Loue shall easily winne:
He thinkes of Loue he doth not dreame of hate,
He countes her wonne ere he to wooe beginne.
She cannot chuse but loue presumeth he,
Being (though lovely) yet of low degree.

For such presumption (thoe) himselfe he checkt,
When doubts into his cogitations came,
As a rash Writer doth his worke correct,
When he with more aduise survayes the same.
Now touching Women, he doth thus debate,
That without reason why, they loue and hate.

The Pleasant History

He thinks how they, when to their business move them,
Are coy or kind to him, or how they do;
How they that best deserve, and most do love them,
Of times by them the worst rewarded be;
And thinks that he shall speed as he shall finde
In her a humour to be coy or kind.

With this conceit he somewhat calm'd his loue,
When (looking Eastward) downe the hill descending,
He spies the Neatresse leading forth her Droue,
Her beautie bright with ~~Two~~ beames contending,
Which fight reuiues his loue, and in his brest
Such passions breeds, as breed his great vnrest.

And then he walkes to meet her on the plaine,
Where vsually she doth her cattell graize;
To shew his loue, and sue her loue to gaine
He meanes, admitting now of no delays:
But now behold when he is come vnto her,
(Alas) the shepheard faints and feares to wooe her.

Her beauty which allured him to loue her,
Now makes him fearefull to commence his suite,
Her beautie made him purpose now to proue her;
And now behold her beautie makes him mute:
For when he sees her beautie so exceeding,
He feares to speake, because he doubts of speeding.

Beholding her he stands, in silent pause,
Pleas'd is his eye, his thoughts perplexed are,
For his much looking doth more liking cause,
So is his loue augmented, so his care,
Yet mute he stands, for doubts dismay his mind.
Lest beauty make her proud, and pride vnkind.

Why

Why wonder hee, that hee doth see,
Sith hee doth see, that hee doth see,
He findes sorrow, and hee findes weare,
To gaine the which, hee doth see,
But though long, as hee doth see,
And having once begun, hee freely speaks.

Hee praised her fast, but why did hee doe so?
The faire need not be tolde, that they are such:
Twere better they their beautyes did not know,
For in this point they (Knowledge got too much)
When Eare did see the fruite that was denide,
For this too much infecteth them with pride.

Affection sure put out his Iudgements eye,
And made him take a course so indirect:
Alas, his leuell quite was laide awrye,
Praise not her beauty whom thou doest affect.
For praise ore-fats their brests, & then there breeds,
Pride, scorne, dildaine, and such pernicious weeds.

Some take in vnderfurne praise, a pride,
Who when their haire is like the black-byrds quill:
Will pleased bee to heare themselves belyde,
When its compar'd vnto the black-byrds bill.
Say, *Crowe is white*: they credite all you say,
For their owne thoughts, the parrasites doe play.

But we (the faire) should but commend in thought
(as Chapmen, not commend what they would buye)
Let them alone, they neede not to be taught,
To rate their beauties worths, at prizes high.
By praises their proud thoughts are higher rais'd,
Who of themselves are proud ynough vnprais'd.
Well.

The Pleasant Shepherd

Well, *Cloris* how begins to court his *Ladie*,
And though his *Clownishness* doe now professes
Yet nevertheless some shape of that he was,
His carriage, while he Courts her doth expresse,
Better his gesture, better are his words,
Then with his clownish-Shepherds shape accords.

Faire neatresse, *Natures* parragon faith bee,
Mine eye, when it thy beauty first discover'd:
Made to my thoughts such faire report of thee,
that ever since about thee they have hover'd.
Still will they dwell with thee, for onely there
Abounds all (in this world) that I hold deare.

Adonis Garden thou to them dost seeme,
Where all things pleasing plenteously abound:
What euer in this world is worth esteeme,
Is in this Land of Milke and Honie found.
For here all spices, fruits, and flowers doe grow,
That wholesome are for vse, or faire for show.

Say, shall I sweete, empale this pleasing place?
For my possession, I will aske but this:
Shall I be *Neptune*? and with my imbrace
Make it an Iland, call't the Ile of blisse?
But to come to the matter now more neerely,
Believe it firmly, I doe loue thee dearly.

If gentle kindnesse so adorne thy minde,
As beautie doth thy Face, then vnto mee
Thou wilt be pleasing, debonnaire, and kinde,
And hope perswades me thus and thus of thee.
For it would argue *Nature* much too-blame,
To give a cruell-heart so faire a frame.

Should

of Curion and Argemile

Should, I thin call thee fayre, I should the while,
Seeme from thy glorious beauty to detract.
Fayre, is for one so fayre too low a stile,
To shew her skill did nature thee compact.
"Loudly thy locks, thy forehead more then fayre,
Thy hayre, thy temples: temples grace thy hayre,

If by comparisons I would set forth
The beauty of thy eye, and thy fayre chocke,
I cannot finde a Semile of worth,
Vnlesse about this earth for it I seeke.

Thine eyes doe grace thy face, thy face thine eyes,
As Skies do grace the Sun, and Sun the Skies.

Thy beauties native are, not like to those,
That Natures Apes by art doe counterfet,
Vpon thy cheekes the Lillie and the Rose
To set the truest fairenesse forth are met
On thy fayre cheeke is that fayre colour fixt,
Which their faire colours make together mixt.

When thou dost smile, then beauties skie is cleare,
(Such were the smiles of louely *Paphos Queene*,)
When thou dost blush, vpon thy cheekes appeare
Carnation cloudes, the like so seldome seene,
That they the world may with amazement strike,
For great *Olimpus* cannot shew the like.

And who? (vnlesse the aged, dull and dead,
Whose veines and bones do bloud and marrow misse)
Can looke vpon thy lippe, so round, so red,
And not desire to rob it of a kisse,
For, as it hath a power to please the eye,
Another tempting strength in it doth lye.

E

While

The playnes History

While this he speaks, oft times he changeth hue,
Now red as blushing rose, now pale againe,
And when she doth these variations view,
She is confirm'd the shepheard doth not lye:
Of Louers passions these are signes she knowes,
Therefore she thinks the shepheard doth not lye.

Yet thus she answeres, sic, sayth she, no more,
Forbeare this idle prayse to bestow,
Vndue to me, a damsell playne and poore,
Nor is it like that you should beauty know,
How can a Shepheards skill extend to this?
That sees it not, nor comes not where it is:

O yes, sayth he, a shepheard sees the skie,
The Sunne, the Moone, the stars a shepheard sees,
And these are beautifull none will demie,
So then of beautie he may iudge by these,
Whose vntmaskt beauties lye euen ope to swaines,
Yet sayrer Creatures then the Court contains.

May I not call her fayre, whose face I see
The Skie resemble, so me thinks doth thine;
Sauc that in this two Sunnes there seemes to be,
Which thy fayre face so grace with their fayre shine,
That ther's no earthly thing that I can name,
Whose beauty comes so neare that heavenly frame.

Thy plainnesse plainly proues thee fayre, for why,
Tis the deluding property I know
Of ornaments and art to mocke the eye,
By making them seeme fayre that are no so,
And of thy beauty, I should haue suspicion,
But that from these it taketh no addition.

And

of Curtesie and Arguement

And what although thou art of meaner degree,
Yet may thy beaury merke commendation,
(Though poore) yet rich in beauty thou mayst be,
Is Nature partiall in the dispensation
Of her fayre gifts, must they be peeres resemble,
Onely to such as fortune's gifts haue gain'd.

T'were heresie to be of this opinion,
For she is oft as prodigall we see,
Euen to a Begger, as to *Fortunes* minion,
And sith her fayrest gifts haue graced thee,
May I not prayse thee, yes, I me tide vnto it,
It were detraction if I should not doe it.

When her obiections be had answered thus,
He thus proceedes, O thou art fayre in all,
I cannot in particular discusse
The beauties of thy face, which I may call
A shop of seuerall beauties, nay to me,
Euen beauties little world it seemes to be.

My necke beneath Loues yoke thy necke hath brought
It is so fayre, so soft, so smooth, so white,
Thy lower beauties they are seene in thought,
And in conceit are view'd with much delight.
Those Iuorie banks (thy breasts) the thought discries
And Loues smooth shadie walke that twixt the lies.

Thought wanders there, & wonders strange discouers
Delightfull wonders, wonderfull delights,
Ther's no concealing from the thoughts of Louers:
For all eyes ope to their deepe-searching sights.
Loues pearcing thought, through all opofure driues
And where best pleasing obieets are, arriues.

The pleasant Historie.

The whitest colour soonest takes a stain;
And therefore wonderment it breeds in me,
That still thy hand such whitenesse should retaine,
Whitenesse and it fure cannot parted be,
Whitenesse and softnesse which yet neuer fail'd,
Seeme to thy dainty hand to be intail'd.

So white, that Lillies are not halfe so white,
So soft that Cignets Downe is nothing such,
The whitenesse serueth to bewitch the sight,
And yet it more inchanteth with the touch,
And for thy wrist, the whitenesse there is grac'd
By azur'd veines that there are interlac't.

But, to set out at full thy beauties prayse,
For my performance were a talke too great,
Though I about the same should spend my dayes,
I could not all thy beauties prayse repeate.
How fayre thou art, sweet wench, I cannot show,
Nor how much thee I loue, for being so.

Little loues he, that can declare how much,
Lou'd I but so, my loue were then but small,
My loue, sweet Lasse, belieue it is not such,
As can in compasse of relation fall:
As thy much beauty drawes much loue from me,
Let my much Loue some kindnesse draw from thee.

Peace, peace, sayth she, for praying me so much,
You in the ayre your breath but idely scatter,
For, (knowing I am neyther so nor such,)
How can I chuse but know that you but flatter,
It seemes that you suppose (but you are wide)
That Ile be pleas'd to heare my selfe belide.

you

Of Carrell and Arguall.

You almost put off by this your flattery
In seeking payse for me (vnder thy flattery)
And rack your wit, yet all that you haue done,
But makes me thinke that you a flatterer are,
And to suspect the feynall this doth moue me,
you but dissemble when you say you loue me.

O doe not harbour such a thought (sayth he)
I doe not flatter, doe not thinke I doe:
If with my thoughts my words doe disagree,
It is because they cannot reach vnto
That ample heigh of prayse and adoration,
I giue to thee in thought and cogitation.

And for dissimulation wherewithall
Thou chargest me, O would thou knew'st my heart,
Then thou wouldst soone these words of thine recall,
Wherewith thou blamest me without desert,
And wouldst (no doubt) aske pardon with submission
For this thy ouer hasty rash suspicion.

Such there are some, but I am none of these
That will dissimble, flatter, lye and fayne,
If I be such, then mayest thou me expose
To thy eternal! hate, and coye disdayne:
And let thy kindnesse so with comfort store me,
As I sincerely loue thee, and adore thee.

Fayre maydes by kind are kind, and she doth goe
A stray from her true Nature, I am sure,
That is disdainfull, scornfull, proud, or so,
For where sweet beaury wounds, kindnes should cure:
But beaury kils, lones arrow striketh dead,
When scornfull pride impoysoned hath the head.

The pleasant Historie

Then be not thou (my loue) with pride complac'd,
T'will make thy beuty, as so vile a thing,
Like vnto pleasing cates with poyson mixt,
For hatefull pride is beauties hurtfull sting,
No matter though the beautifull be proude,
But in the fayre pride cannot be allow'd.

For why, if pride on pleasing beauty wayes,
There danger lyes, and we haue cause to feare it,
Else pride is but a hooke without a bayte,
And hurteth none, because ther's none comen neare it.
Danger becomes more dangerous by bearing,
A pleasing forme, not like it selfe appearing.

But thy fayre face perswades me not to doubt,
In thy fayre bosome much fayre kindnesse lyes,
The beames vwhereof through thy faire eyes shine out,
If these fayre likelyhoods proue certainties,
Fayre hap will crowne fayre hope, and I shall then
Reioyce in my fayre choyce, Fates say Amen.

From out a world of women, thee alone,
For soueraigne of my thoughts doe I select,
So high a place in my hearts loue hath none,
As hath thy selfe whom onely I respect,
And sith I loue in no vndue regard,
The rather let my loue haue due reward,

Respect of riches which with most beare sway,
No moriue is at all, in my Election,
On Natures, not on fortunes gifts I lay,
The base and groundworke of my firme affection,
I count those native riches thou dost owe,
More worth then all that fortune can bestow.

Yet

of Caruall Arguall.

Yet Riches not a dayd wealth in all,
Wealth goes before, and beauty comes behind;
Riches we see of Beautie take the wall,
To Riches is the higher room affigne;
Nay like a Cipher is peace beautie thought,
It must be layd with wealth, or stand for naught.

But I (thou seest) am of another minde,
I will not suffer so my thoughts to erre;
I am not with the world so much decline,
More Fortunes gifts, then Natures to preferre.
More rich then Mines of India, thou doost seeme,
Thy Beauty makes thee such in my esteeme.

Though Fortune blinde, her gifts from thee detaines,
Yet Nature prodigall hath bene to thee:
Thy For-head, haire, eye, cheek, lip, necke, Skin, vaines,
Smooth, bright, gray, faire, red, white, soft, blew they be.
And there doth lye in every one of these,
A greater power then is in Gold, to please.

Thou needst it not: Art not, Richly, proudly deckt,
Pearles haue no neede to be adorn'd with gold.
What needs suppliment where there's no defect,
Or what needst thou (my Lone) thy locks infold.
In costly Calles of gold, and Laces gay,
When thy faire tresses are more rich then they?

Yet thinke not, (though thy Beautie so excell)
It is too Rich for vse, and but for show:
Lest thou gainst Natures sacred lawes rebell,
Not for thy selfe dost thou such Beauty owe.
Beautie hath not such strong attractive power,
To lade vntoucht, like an vngathered flower.

Not

The pleasant Historie

Nor let thy beauty to thy thoughts delude,
That thou shouldst think because thou art so fayre
The heart of some great one shall be subdued
To love, and life there fix, to honour daye.
Wait not for this, let me in this direct thee
Left be as the side the whale, and none respect her.

Or say, that fayre desert should crowned be,
And thou for that sweet beauty thou dost owe,
Shouldst be advanced vnto high degrees.
Why many have been rail'd for beauty so,
Who afterwards with woes acquainted grew,
Which ere their exaltation scarce they knew.

On high Estates huge heapes of cares attend,
But ther's contentment in a shepherds life,
Not vs (as them) doth fortune nice offend,
Disdaine not then to be a shepherds wife.
Nor am I beggerly, although a Swaine,
The flocke is mine that mantles yonder plaine.

Our lowly sayles are free from enties gust,
We doe not climbe, nor doe we falling feare
Our states, with winds and waues we do not trust,
We haue two certaine harvests euery yeare,
By force some, some by fraud rise, we by neyther,
We conscience, and plaine dealing liue together.

We liue contented, we at none do grutch,
The labour our profession doth require,
Is not perplexiue to the body much,
Lesse to the mind, which freely may aspire,
Nor is it clog'd with cares, nor is it held
Downe, as are theirs that great affaires do weld.

We

of Curan and Argentele.

We leasure and occasions too do find
For contemplation, as our flockes we feede,
Heauen still in sight, is also still in minde:
The Life contemplatiue doth all exceede,
And neareſt comes for comfort and content,
To that that ſhall be after this is ſpent.

Freſh wholeſome ayre a ſhepherd wanteth not,
Which many thouſands doe, yet by the ſkies
He is not perſecuted, when tis hot,
Some thicke broad branched tree, him canopies:
VVhoſe green leau'd bowes that largely doe extend,
VVaſt cooling ayre and pleaſing ſhadow lend.

And his flockes fleeces cloath him from the cold,
And arme him gainſt the ſharpeſt Northerne blaſt.
The pleaſures that we haue are manifold,
Our troubles ſuch as ſoone are ouerpaſt,
If thou wouldeſt troubles ſhun, and pleaſurs proue,
Liue with a ſhepherd, be a ſhepherds loue.

I promiſe if thou wilt but pleaſed be,
My loue with loue, and kindneſſe to repay,
I will reſigne ſupremacie to thee,
Doe thou but loue, Ile honour and obey.
Yea, (were it poſſible) if thou wear't mine,
My very thoughts ſhould ſuted be to thine.

Then you ſayth ſhe, no more but loue do craue,
That which includeth all would you content:
You but the body of the ſunne would haue,
VVhence light and heat cannot themſelues abſent,
VVhat need you more demaund, Loue will not be
A ſtreamleſſe fountaine, nor a fruitleſſe tree.

The pleasant Historie

But I am not dispos'd to love, sayth the gentleman,
Which if I were, I surely should disdain,
You should preposterously assigne to me
That which by right to you doth appertaine:
Of all due offices the chief is love,
That's the first movent makes the rest to move.

Not so dispos'd, why dost thou then propound
Such blisse (sayth he) to him that gains thy love,
Making the longings of my mind about thee,
By shewing that thou tractable wilt prove:
This is as if thou happinesse shouldst shewe,
Then snatch it from me, so to worke my woe.

Thy wordes, to show thy loves worth, thou dost frame,
And how much good doth on the same depend,
So kindling my desires to gaine the same,
While thou the same dost so to me commend:
I hope thou wilt this prayd ware forgo,
Though thou art yet dispos'd to answer no.

Ile buy thy love, if it be to be solde,
O that I may a happy Chapman proue:
But it's too precious to be bought with gold,
What shall I giue, Ile giue thee love for love:
And dayly pay, though but in part, for why?
Thou canst not haue full payment till I die.

For like as springing fountaines which do owe
Their streames vnto the sea, though still they pay,
Yet still they are in debt, directly so,
Though I shall still be paying day by day,
Yet shall I be, euen till I cease to be,
Thy debt or still, still thou must credit me.

Not

of Curan and Argenteile

Not all the wealth that *Orpheus* could possesse;
Should buy thy loue (if it were mine) from me;
No greater height of earthly happinesse
Desire I, then to be belou'd of thee;
A prize worth all the world falling my Lot;
If thou (to grant thy loue) desire me not.

Once entertaine me in thine armes, and then
Ile once be blest, in sight of *Heaven* and *Heaven*
And then ile tell the world, if tongue or pen
Can giue expresseure to so much delight.
What thy embracements yeeld, what Ioy, what blisse,
But when, ah when shall I discourse of this?

Oh, hold not from me that felicitie,
Which they afford, that do afford their loues,
And with their loues a multiplictie
Of pleasures and delights, fate it becommes
That thou propound such for thine Imitation,
That answer thus the end of their Creation.

Good, now no more, I cannot loue saith she,
Against the Hayre then vrge me not vntoote,
Excuse me: (tho) the fault is not in me,
My starres were opposite, I cannot doot.
Thus puts she off her fault, and shewes the while,
A fault deriu'd from *Eue* to *Argenteile*.

Shee will not loue, yet lest he thinke her wilfull,
She answers thus, she cannot loue she sayes,
And as she were in constellations skilfull,
Her humours fault vpon the starres she layes:
But *Curan* though this answer makes him doubtr,
Will not for this repulse of hers giue out.

The pleasant History

Your starres, saith he, nish, hold not this opinion:
Admit the chafest of them (*Luna*) raig'n'd,
Did not I pray thee *Luna*, loue *Endimion*,
And was not she with loues sweet passions pain'd,
yes *Luna's* selfe did loue, else Poets faine,
Then how can *Luna's* influence loue restraine.

No, I not feare the enmitie of those,
Be thou but willing, I desire but this,
They cannot my wish't happinesse oppose,
Nor be a barre to my desired blisse.
Let churlish and malignant starres repine,
I care not; so thy will to loue incline.

Therefore as erst I sayd, I say againe,
Giue pride no place I pray thee in thy brest,
Away with soornefulnesse and coy disdaine,
Which most do plague the kindest men and best,
For the best natures still most subiect be,
To loue-sicke passions (most in this agree.)

As thou art fayre, so be thou kind my deare,
Should pride (which heauen forbid) contracted be
To thy sweet beautie, it would cause (I feare)
A separation twixt my ioyes and me.
If kindnesse from thy beautie thou shouldst seuer,
My ioyes and I are then diuorst for euer.

As beautie doth, euen so let mercy rest
In thy fayre eye, for these are two fayre twins:
Denie not lodging to so kind a guest:
At that fayre signe where her faire sister Innes,
Beauties kind sister must keepe with her still,
Else where she conquers, cruelly shee'l kill.

thus

of Curan and Argenteile.

Thus still hee pleades, and though shee still withstand:
Yet doth not his affection change or varrie:
For why? his loue is winnowed, clein'd, and fan'd,
No light inconstant chaffe with it doth tarrie.
In vaine doth she denie, for still he tries,
In vaine he tries her, for she still denies.

What bootes it her, although her tongue denie,
Forbidding loue, refusing loue to grant:
Sith the meane while her lip, her cheek, her eye
Plant that, which she endeouours to supplant:
Her tongue forbids, her beautie bids againe,
Loue yeelds to loueliness, and words are vaine.

Though she her name, her state, her tire, her traine,
Had so dismiss'd, cast off, forgone, and chang'd,
Yet her owne thoughts she still doth entertaine.
Curan had sped if they had beene estrang'd:
They told her she that lately did disdain
A Princes loue, now must not loue a Swaine.

Of all her outward worth with her remains
Onely her beauty, all the rest is gone,
But that by lawfull meanes she still maintaines,
And blame her not if she preferude her owne.
Rather blame them (if such be to be found)
That lay dead colours on a lively ground.

Her beauty will abide the touch, tis true,
Her lovely cheekes haue beauties dye in graine;
For they their sweet eye-pleasing natiue hue,
In spight of *Phæbus* fierie eye retaine:
Her beautie hath a strange rare qualitie,
Subiect to nothing but mortality.

The pleasant Historie

And it is *Curan*'s hungry eye's repast,
Yes and a pleasing dish to it indeed,
And fith when she is absent it must fast,
When she is present it doth frankly feede,
To it that can (with fasting) not away,
A Lent in length seemes every fasting day.

Officiouſly he ſerues his miſtreſſe coy,
He runs for her, he helps her guide her drone,
Proud is the Prince if ſhe will him imploy,
See here the power and potencie of loue:
Her for no better then ſhe ſeemes he takes,
yet willingly himſelfe her ſlave he makes.

And if ſhe doe but daigne him one kind looke,
Quite overpayde he holds himſelfe to be,
For all the paines that he for her hath tooke,
So pleaſed with a gentle looke is he:
And on her ſmiles and frownes doth he attend,
As life and death did on her lookes depend.

As ſares it with a ſhip roſt on the maine,
When windes and waues conſpire her overthrow:
Shee's hoyſed vp, and then caſt down againe.
From tops of liquid mounns, with *Curan* ſo,
Her ſmiles do hoyſe his hopes into the ayre,
Her frownes do beat them down beneath deſpaire.

Yet not her ſmiles, his hopes do him beguile,
For he his hopes doth from miſtaking take:
She but derides his folly with a ſmile,
Which he an argument of loue doth make.
Alas for him, how desperate is his ſtate,
When his beſt ſignes of loue, are ſignes of hate.

Well,

of Leander and Hero.

Well, he shall rest content though his fortune
And not repine, though now he pine and moore;
He shall (ere long) enjoy a Princesse borne,
But the high towering Eagle will not stoop
To the base King, nor she to him, till hee
(Being virgall) a Peasant cease to be.

But her deare Loue, he first must dearely buye,
Twill cost him many a sigh and many a teare,
That hauing bought it at a price so high,
Accordingly, he then may holde it deare.
The more is now his griefe, and his annoy,
When shee is his, the more will be his ioy.

Leander kinde, as hee to *Hero* went,
The paines hee tooke, the penills that hee past,
The more they were, the more was his content,
VWhen in his weary armes hee her imbrac't.
So when *Prince Carinus* present sufferings cease,
They (to his future Ioyes) shall giue increase.

Well may he, while he hath her loue in chace,
Endure the worst that Fortune can inflict:
For *Fates* haue mark't her his, though for a space,
His Fortune seemes his *Fate* to contradict.
And now the more he suffers for her sake.
The more shall he of comfort then pertake.

Shee must be his, but yet some miserie,
For her deare sake he must endure before:
That Ioyes (succeeding griefe their contrarie,)
May to his apprehension seeme the more,
But that she shall be his, did hee but knowe,
Then in his bosome were no place for woe.

But

The pleasant Historie

But this, he doth not know; nay, there is throwne
So thicke a mist before his iudgements-eye:
That she her selfe is still to him vnknowne,
Though he be daylie in her companie.

He must not know her his, nor know her neither,
Till hee (twise happie then) know both together.

Daylie, as duely as hee goes to fielde,
He Courts his wench, but not at all preuailes:
Yet still he hopes that shee at last will yeelde,
Therefore he plyes her still, but still he failes,
One day at last beneath a shady tree,
He closely siding her, thus pleadeth he.

Why art thou still vnkinde, why cruell still?
Why is thy brest so empty of remorse?
My heart thou mayst with thy vnkindnesse kill,
But thou canst not diuert Loues constant course.
Still doe I loue, though still thou dost disdain me,
Beauty doth so perswade: nay, so constrain mee.

My Loue, if it but ordinary were,
Mixt with a negligent indifferencie:
Why thy vnkindnes then I well could beare,
Nor could it once so much as trouble mee.
Some cannot loue vntill they kindnesse finde,
Nor longer then their Loues continue kinde.

He that loues so, (nor are such Louers strange)
Can sport at her that falsly doth deceyue:
Smile at the change, if smiles to frownes do change,
Loue while shee loues, and leaue when she doth leaue.
Tis harmlesse Loue, on kindnes that depends,
To loue the vnkinde, that's the loue offends.

This

of Curus and Argemide.

This I finde true, yet hopefully suppose
Thou bearst not such an unrelenting minde:
But that thou wilt compassionate my woes,
And wilt not prove eternally unkinde.

While thy unkindnes wounds my mind with griefe,
Hope of redresse is all my hearts reliefe.

My Loue with thy unkindnes long hath striv'd,
Except these prove to be of equall strength:
Well may I hope my griefe is not long laide,
For one of these will sure be soyl'd at length.

When cyther shall be soyl'd and overthrowne,
Then ends my griefe and sad lamenting-mone.

Till or my Loue, or thy unkindnesse cease,
Needs must my griefe and languishment still last:
It is not possible I should finde ease,
Till I can cyther say the fit is past.

Or till thou doest my Loue with Loue repay,
Which would to thy unkindnesse not give way.

But that my Loue will cease, and so my woe,
I haue small hope, though still unkinde thou prove:
I know my Loue more lasting is then so,
Nor is it fit that wee by fittes should Loue.

Then all my hope of comfort doth depend
On this, that thy unkindnes once will end.

Then when desire my Fantasie doth sway
Such as I with thou art to it presented:
My Loue with Loue, me thinkes thou doest repay,
And from thy unkinde selfe thou seem'st absented.

But when I wake, thy kindnesse is away,
No longer then I dreame, my loyes will stay.

The pleasant Historie. 13

To finde thee kinde *phar* in my idle Dreamer, on I can't
What Comfort is thy kindeesse by's doth show,
Whereby my woes wax on to worse extreames,
That good I must not say, I would not know.
Soy to the damned soule in hell, that is
Hell's, the more hell, because he knowes ther's blisse.

And though I know that Dreamers are idle fictions,
And that they much in shew do fildome carry;
But still succede like *Almanacks* *Prognosticks*,
Which tell how winde and weathers state will varrie.
Kindnesse to come, they promise (tho) in thee,
And comfort in reuerſion ſo ſo gues

Yet they perhaps doe but delude me (tho),
And do no more but seeme to promise this:
Then is my hope but vaine, if this be so,
And that (I catch) but Comforts shadow is,
Feare doth confound the hope that hence doth rise,
Such Dreamers are but such meere incertainties.

Disdaine to mee is like infectious ayre,
As that of health, so this of hope deprives:
As that disease, so this doth breed dispaire,
Yet against that there are preseruatives.
But none gainst this, disdaine the heart doth kill,
Euen in dispight of Drug and Doctors skill.

Thus pules the Prince, and thus doth he complaine,
Euen melted with the Sun-shine of her eye:
Nor can his manly heart the stroke sustaine,
Of *Cupids* Childish dart, sic *Curan*, sic.
From a weake womans Fading-beauty, hee
Deriues his strength, yet he hath soyled thee.

And

Of the first part of the play.

And is it thus that you should thus deny
That Beauty should be so much loved
The nature of this love is so much changed
And from his warlike Person his service
Tis strange, yet Beauty hath this force affected
Which he hath himselfe forsaken

Beauty bewitcheth him, and makes him dote,
Then Chevalier he craveth to pursue
Himselfe to Cupids service to devote
To Mars and Marshall, scates he bids give
But when he shall his Ladyes love obtaine
The warlike Prince will be himselfe againe.

But (yet) she him denies, and answereth thus,
Do you not thinke my wayes are negatives:
Scarce are they so indeede in some of vs,
Scandall too-much from such our selves derives,
But does not thinke me such, such am not I,
I hate the tongue that doth the thoughts belye.

I alwayes strictly have opposed your tryalls,
Not like to her that yeeldingly denies:
I wrap noe vp consent in nice denyalls,
Nor haue I pruned your hopes with my replies,
But rather to supplant them I have sought,
For I to yeeld to Love, will not be brought.

Such were her words, her thoughts were also such,
She doth not loue, she meaneth to loue neuer:
But on her strength she doth relye too-much,
For in her power it is not to perseuer.
Strong is her resolution, yet too-weak,
The high disposers purposes to breake.

The playnes Historie

You doe (sayth she) but vaine conclusions trie,
While thus you seek to winne my loue with words,
Loues Harbinger still enters by the eye,
Small comfort knocking at the eare affords,
For till the eye let liking in, the breast
Nere lodgeth Love, that thought disturbing guest.

Seare therefore thus to spend your breath in vaine,
Auert your Loue, because you are not lou'd,
Loue not where Love for Love you cannot gain:
Let your ill placed liking be remou'd:
Shut in your wandering eye, your thoughts refraine,
Refuse to giue your rash desires the raine.

Thus counsels she, yet courts he her againe,
But cannot (tho) her resolution shake:
Onely her cares, his words doe entertaine:
But to her heart they no intrusion make.
Nor feares, nor shuns she his assaults, for why?
On her approued strength she dare relye.

From his assaults she held her selfe aloofe
At first, but now she doth not feare nor doubt,
Against Loues darts she thinks her breast is proofe,
Because that it so long hath held them out:
Yet oportunitie the Prince doth sayle,
Nor can his importunity preuaile.

But now behold, when she to Love thinks least,
And thinks her selfe best able to withstand,
And now his hopes that languish are deceast:
Now Love himselfe doth take his cause in hand,
Dispayre makes *Curtis* now leaue off to wooe her,
yet wins her as he tels his fortunes to her.

Growne

14
of *Cyrus* and *Argente*.

Growes desperate now, he thus to her complain'd,
Of all mens Fortunes mine is sure the worst,
Thus twise to loue, and twise to be disdain'd.
Ah Wretch, was ever man so much accurst,
Loue that imparadiseeth some, to me
Gives hell it selfe, if hell on earth there be.

Pigmalion was more blest then I, for he
Successfully, an Iuorie Image lou'd,
Venus wrought miracles for him, but she
Is deafe to my intreates, shee'l not be mou'd
To turne to flesh that flintie heart of thine,
And to reioycing these complaints of mine.

Loue vnto some much happinesse doth bring,
But vnto me it bringeth nothing lesse,
My Loue's a bitter root from whence doth spring
Anguish, griefe, sorrow, woe and wretchednesse,
And that I twise should loue the Fates haue cast,
And so should twise these hellish torments tast.

Shee that first caus'd my anguish and my smart
Was fayre like thee, and thou vnkind as shee,
She had thy beauty, and thou hast her heart,
Shee tooke, thou tak'st, my ioyes, my life from me.
I lou'd, I loue, in both vnhappy I,
I languisht then, but now for loue I die.

The Neatresse (yet vnstiffide) enquires
What wench it was he first affected so:
He (vrdg'd to speake of her) his bloud retires,
Pale were his lookes, scarce could he speake for woe.
T'was *Argente*, so much admir'd, sayth he,
Onely in state an ouermatch to thee.

The pleasaⁿ Historie

Did you, saith she, know that young lady of the word
I did, sayth he, and dearly I her lou'd:
She was my Saint, I offer'd at her shrine
Teares, vowes and sighes, and for her sake I prou'd
A torment worse then death it selfe can be,
And now a torment worse then that for thee.

At *Kirkland* in my Fathers Court, my dayes
In sweet content I spent, vntill mine care
Was filde with *Angustiles* sweet beames prayse,
But then could I no longer tarry there,
I came to see, I saw, I lou'd, and so
(For lucklesse was my loue,) began my woe.

And then (for the vngentle King denide
Accesse to Noble men of note and fame)
Forthwith my dignities I doft aside,
And for her sake a Peasant I became,
And by that meanes accesse I did obtaine,
Yet mist my end, her loue I could not gaine.

I did as much as hearty loue could doo,
To gaine her loue, but still was she vnkind:
The King himselfe in my behalfe did wooe,
Yet my intreats, with vrgings his, combinde,
Were still successelesse, for she still denide,
So still I dying liu'd, and liuing dyde.

No thought, no instigation of new loue,
Since her I lost did enter once my brest,
Vntill thine eye, that would dull *Saturne* moue,
Replanted loue, and robd me of my rest:
Thy powerfull beauty shouldered all a side,
That Loues reentrance hindered or deriue.

With

of *Cyrans* and *Argante*:

With my new Love (alasse) began new wotes,
For nothing else but griefe and wretchednesse,
Doth haplesse, hatefull loue on me impose:
But death I hope, ere long will giue redresse.
Far off is comfort, but despayre is nigh,
Ah then why doe I not despayre and dye,

Nay stay, sayth she, and tell me first your name,
Your own true name which you haue chang'd I know,
I haue quoth he for loue, but not for shame;
For *Cyrans* is my name, the truth is so:
Then griefe her heart, & teares her eyes ore-filde,
And down her cheekes some christall drops distild.

He wept to see her weepe, and askt the cause,
Wherefore she did that precious liquor spill,
And why she sigh'd, and why she so did paide.
Yet still she wept, still sigh'd, and mused still.
He seeing this, with her will partner be,
He wept, he sigh'd, he mūd, as wel as she.

His wonder was, to see her wonder so,
His sorrow was to see her sorrow such,
She mūd he should his loue so twise bestow,
She grieu'd that she had made him griue so much.
Thus they doe now each others harmes condole,
And sympathize as both had but one soule.

At last she spake, the words that from her went,
Bore comfort with them on theyr ayrie wings:
And euery Messenger that so she sent
To *Cyrans* care, a ioyfull burthen brings,
And *Cyrans* care neere blest vntill that day,
Doth their deare present to his heart conuay.

CYRANS

The pleasant History

Curan, quoth she, the Fort you sought to winne,
With this last battrie is so sore distressed,
That now the Gate is ope to let you in:
Be happy, if my loue can make you blest,
Your twise beloued *Argenteile* is yours,
In weale and woe, so long as life endures.

The pallat v'd to bitter tastes we see,
Can sweetnesse at the first scarce well endure;
His eyes with light at first offended be,
That long hath line in dungeon deepe obscure,
So *Curan* v'd to griefe and sad lamenting,
Offended is with ioy, at first presenting.

As he that (sleeping) doth illusions see
So fearefull, that for dread thereof he quakes,
Seeming to be in dangers such that he
Feeles fear's impression, still when he awakes:
So *Curan* fares, free from his feares hee's set,
But cannot apprehend his safety yet.

But now by this he finds his Ioyes to be
True and substantial, though he late did feare,
(So much transported from himselfe was he)
That they delusiue and fantastick were,
But now the sunne of comfort shines out bright,
And feares and griefes, like mists are put to flight.

Like as with him that in his sleepe doth proue,
That strange disease, feeling vpon his brest
A deadly waight which he would faine remoue,
But strives in vaine, till he awakt, finds rest.
With *Curan* so it far'd, and so it fares
Oppressed with, and eased of his cares.

Hee

15
of *Curan* and *Argentile*.

He would expresse his hearty ioy, yet long
He like a senselesse statue standeth mute,
Ioy doth so overwhelm him that his tongue
Cannot as yet this office execute:

So when the heart is drown'd in sorrowes deepe,
The eye (we see) oft times forgets to weepe.

And much she ioy'd, though not in so much measure:
Yet in this extasie a part she beares:

Now happy mutuall loue produceth pleasure,
Feares are remou'd, ceased are sighs and teares:

The worse dependants now are banisht quite,
And on their loue attendeth sweet delight.

What hellish torments doth that man endure,
That coyly findes his hearty loue reiected:
Againe, if earth yeeld ioy, he tastes it sure,
That dearely loues, and dearely is affected.

Curan, late as the first, now as the last,
Seemes snatcht from *Limbo*, and in *Eden* plac't.

When to himselfe, him Ioy and Wonder left,
He sayd, and are you *Argentile* my deare:
In happy time was I of you bereft,
That I thus happily might find you here.

Twice blest may I my new blest knowledge call,
I know you now, and know you mine withall.

A thousand griefes this heart of mine haue grip't,
By your vnkindnesse caus'd, that your consent,
Hath them away (as they had nere been) wip't.
And in their place hath planted sweet content,
O happy suffrings, whereupon depends
Such happie Issue, and such blessed ends.

H

By

The pleasant Historie

By this her heart with *Cupid* dart is childe,
Her coynesse earst, is turn'd to kindnesse now,
With Lones sweet malladie her brest is side,
And many fauours she doth him allow:
Now strangenesse being banish't for his sake,
She frankly gines what she refus'd to take.

O what a Metamorphosis is this,
That here is wrought: this Damsell but of late,
Would scarcely for a Kingdome giuee kiss,
Which now she values at an easie rate.
Her kindnesse was exceeding meane indeed,
But now almost it doth all meane exceed.

She now is moulded new, and made most kind,
Kindnesse for kindnesse kindly she repays:
In feeling syllables he shewes his mind,
And she in speaking touches hers bewrayes,
And now if he embrace her tender waist,
About his necke her armes are kindly cast.

Why how now *Argentile*, what is this he,
Whom you did say you would not loue ere while:
Yes this is *Curan*, but you are not she
That spake those words, you are not *Argentile*,
At least that *Argentile* coy and vnkind,
you are not now, for you haue chang'd your mind.

Nor shall she be condemn'd for this mutation,
Or held light and vnstable for this change:
No, rather this deserves much commendation,
When she growes kind, that late was coy and strange,
Maids are not blam'd for this inconstancie,
But that which vnto this is contrary.

of Curan and Argente.

As she that makes much shew of much good-will,
And call's her selfe another, not her owne,
Vowes and protesteth so be constant still,
Yet afterwards though she iust cause haue none,
She flyeth off, and most vnkind doth proue,
Fie, that fayre mayde should be so false in loue.

Well, now (in part) are crowned Curans wishes,
For Loues Feast royall he begins to tast,
Where the first seruice being such sweet dishes,
Superlatiue sweets must be the last.
Which now hee's like to taste, for who so wes kisses
In soyle and season fit, and harvest misses.

I (vnexperienced) cannot expresse
How much they Joy'd imbracing and imbrac't,
But they of this perhaps can neereely gesse,
That haue as high in fortunes loue beene plac't
Yet are their ioyes not perfect, though begunne,
Not at their height, but like the forenoones sunne.

Which till they be, they badly beooke delayes,
And on that wished day agree'd they are,
The interposed time they count by dayes,
Not yeares, nor months, for t'will not reach so farre,
Soone were they wed, their ioyes the want supplide
Of meet solemnitie that hast denide.

Heauen vpon earth seemes to his share to fall,
That doth enioy a fayre, kind, vertuous wife:
He that hath owe that fayles herein, in all,
He seemes to be in hell euen in this life.

Prince *Curans* hap doth match the best of these,
So exquisitely well his choyce doth please.

The pleasant Historie.

She is adorn'd, she is indubitable
With the best gifts of body, and of mind:
And (whence much comfort doth to him arise)
Shee's sober, chaste, still, tractable and kind:
Not such a one as women are is she,
But she is such a one as they should be.

Shee doth not (for she knowes she should not doo't)
Beare wilfull sway as they that headship share:
So that oft times the head is made the foot.
But they that beare this, too base minded are.
Shall men be made their humours slaues, when they
Were made for men, and were inioyn'd to obey.

A louely sweet Companion hath he got,
Which heauen in loue did vpon him bestow,
Now happinesse is false vnto his lot,
If happinesse a man may haue below.
For tis a hap being happinesse with it,
To happen on a choyce in all things fit.

He that would be so blest, and so reioyce,
Must heed, and good aduise (in choosling) take,
As well, or ill, a man doth make his choyce,
Better, or worse, his fortune he doth make.
Nay, (which is more) the man that wisely wiues,
Much good to his posterity deriues.

If she be fayre, and of a comely feature,
May not her like be then on her imprinted:
And if she be a kind good natur'd creature,
Shee's not so to her selfe confin'd and stinted:
But that the branch that springs from such a tree,
May beare like fruit, and of like nature be.

of *Curan* and *Argentile*.

If shee haue more then Nature can conuay,
Good quallities by education got :
They are communicable, and shee may
Confer them on her Issue (may shee not ?)
Then he that makes good choyce deriues thereby
Good to himselfe and his posteritie.

If shee with goodnes be indu'de and grace,
Why then (with her) doth shee Heauens blessing bring.
And he within whose bosome these haue place,
Will more make these his ayme then any thing.
These and what else may breede his blisse beside,
Are the Endowments of Prince *Curans* Bride.

And now though he till now had liu'd obscure,
Lost in Loues Labrinth, doting so vpon her :
Now that he hath her in possession sure,
His valleur now redeems his morgadg'd honor.
For Fiery quallitie from *Mars* hee tooke,
Though shee could daunt him with an angric looke.

What could he doo, while he wore *Beautyes* Gyues ?
What could he do, while he *Lanes* Prisoner was ?
He could not, did not then, but now he struiues,
Euen *Hercules* in valour to surpassse.
A brauer Knight, liu'd not in any Land,
For Courage, Skill in Armes, and strength of hand.

Else-where he warr'd, and wonne, ere claim'd his right,
Of *Edell*, in behalfe of *Argentile* :
(Deny'de of it) hee vowes in bloudy fight,
To winne the same, if *Fortune* on him smile.
If not, for what shall happe, prepar'de is hee,
Blaue mindes for Fortunes both, resolved be.

The pleasant History

An Armie soone (though small) he had prepar'd,
(By him exampled) bold and guided well,
And with the same on *Edell* felle he war'd,
Beneath his sword on heapes his foe-men fell, (der,
Who (trembling) think hee's *Mars* himself, & won-
At his great strokes, which kill like stroke of thunder.

He rides amongst the thickest of his foes,
And deales his almes about on euery side,
So setting bloud abroach still as he goes,
That purple streames along the field did glide,
As oft as his vplifted sword descends,
So oft a soule he to *Elizian* sends.

So many bodies he depriu'd of breath,
That weary waxed his victorious arme,
While tugging *Caron* almost toyl'd to death,
Transports the Ghosts to th' *Stigion* banks that swarm:
And still as fast as *Caron* waistes them ore,
Prince *Chrims* conquering blade vnbodyeth more.

To ward his blowes, their bucklers are too thinne,
So are their armours to defend their sides,
Not walls of yron secure their liues within,
Through shield and shirt of male his Fauchion glides,
Expelling from those houses fraile of clay,
Those fayre immortall guests that there did stay.

So pearcing were the pushes of his speare,
So sharpe his thrusts, so ponderous his blowes,
That his strong foes though ten for one they were,
Like to a streame or storme he ouerthrowes.
For as a Lyon teares a tender Kid,
So (vndermatcht) euen what he would he did.

There

of Curan and Argemille.

There was no strength that Curans strength withstood,
He lops their armes, or else their heads he clef,
And so he passeth on imbru'd with blood,
The field behind all strew'd with corps he left,
A Gyant then suborn'd to Ekstrayde,
Oppol'd the Prince, his bloody progresse stayde.

Huge, sterne this Gyant was, and passing proud,
And scorn'd the Prince as much his vndermaist,
And his base voyce he lifting vp aloud,
Cries here he comes, that will thee soone dispatch:
But his proud brags could not Prince Curan scare.
They rather to his courage whet stones were.

Looke how those vapors meet that out are blowne,
From two huge Cannons, mouth to mouth oppol'd,
The meeting of these Warriors such was knowne,
Such their incounter was, and so they clos'd.
Long (to confound the Prince) the Gyant strues,
But failes, for Curan him of life depriues.

(He dead) the rest betakes themselves to flight,
And time it is for he that staves he dyes:
Yet Edel discontinued not the fight,
So loath was he to loose his dignities.

Nor would he cease till him Prince Curan slue,
And payde the debt that long before was due.

Mercy was offered, he did it despise,
And at the Prince with eager fury smit,
Iust angers flames shin'd then in Curans eyes:
To surie, ruth, mercy to rage submit.

With that he strikes, nor need he strike againe,
That stroke gaue end to Edels life and raigne.

This

The pleasant Historie

This done, vpon the Crowne Prince Curas leas'd,
A pleasing purchase though with perill bought,
Nor durst the people shew themselves but pleas'd,
They him applaud, and presents to him brought,
The Nobles too, present their loues each one,
And by those steps, he mounts the kingly throne.

Curan and *Argensile* now crowned are,
She fayre, wise, vertuous, thence her prayes rose,
He graue and iust, a thunderbolt in war,
A Lambe, a Lyon, to his friendes and foes,
Northumber's crowne vndiuidable now,
Euen till his death adorn'd his kingly brow.

FINIS.

Faults escaped.

In the letter B. page 3. line 11, for beens fame, read being
fame. In C. pag. 5. line 9. for more powerfull, reade were
powerfull. In C. pag. 7. line 12, for him runs, read it runs.
In G. pag. 3. line 16. for our selues, reade our sexe,

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